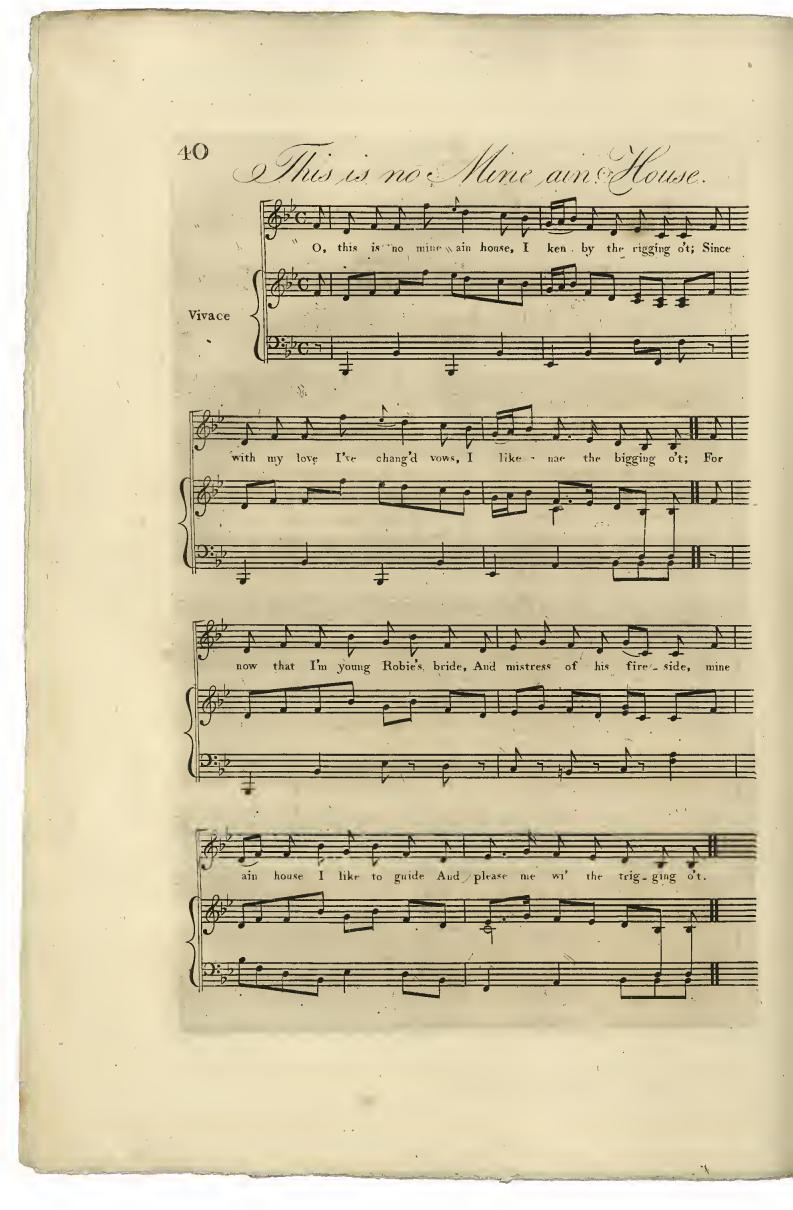


From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW



THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

O, THIS is no mine ain house,

I ken by the rigging o't;

Since with my love I've chang'd vows,

I like nae the bigging o't:

For now that I'm young Robie's bride,

And mistress of his fire-side,

Mine ain house I like to guide,

And please me wi' the trigging o't.

Farewel then my father's house,

I gang where love invites me;
Strictest duty this allows,
Sin' love with honor meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into one,
Robie's nearer than my kin,
To refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang as he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
True love shall be at hand ay,
To make me a prudent spouse,
And let my man command ay:
Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
Common pest of married life,
That wearies ane of his wife,
And aft breaks the kindly band ay.